

CALIFORNIA THE BEAUTIFUL

BY
WESTERN ARTISTS
AND AUTHORS



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Elder, Paul, 1872-1948,
comp.

California the beautiful;
camera studies by California
artists; with selections in
prose and verse from western



Oscar Maurer

THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

The Golden Gate, the famed gateway to the Golden West, the entrance to San Francisco Bay, is a scene of constantly changing beauty. Drifts of fog, masses of clouds, glorious sunsets, or the sparkling clearness after a north wind, when the Farallones, those distant island outposts, may be seen,—each aspect is an inspiration.

EVENING

*The air is chill, and the hour grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow, wheeling, lo, in squadrons grey,
They part and hasten across the bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way,
Where the hills of Sausalito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz;
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely flown,
Were blazoned in a world unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.
What bear these ships? what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken.
Oh! how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea.*

* * * * *

*The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, chilled with woe;
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to heaven
In thin, white robes, like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.*

—Edward Pollock.

CALIFORNIA • THE BEAUTIFUL •

CAMERA STUDIES BY CALIFORNIA
ARTISTS WITH SELECTIONS
IN PROSE AND VERSE
FROM WESTERN
WRITERS

COMPILED
BY

PAUL ELDER

*Oh, thou, my best beloved! My pride, my boast,
Stretching thy glorious length along the West;
Within the girdle of thy sunlit coast,
From pine to palm, from palm to every crest,
All fruits, all flowers, all cereals are blest.
* * * Dowered with the clime of climes,
At thy fair feet the alien heapeth spoil:
The poet chanteth thee in praiseful rhymes;
He sees the banner of thy fate uncoil—
A thousand cities springing from thy soil.
Born of young hopes, but nurtured in the brawn,
Wrought by the brave and tireless hands of toil,
To house a nobler race when we are gone—
A race prophetic, that bides the coming dawn.*

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

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The air was steeped in the warm fragrance of a California spring. Every crease and wrinkle of the encircling hills was reflected in the blue stillness of the lagoon. Patches of poppies blazed like bonfires on the mesa, and higher up the faint smoke of the blossoming buckthorn tangled its drifts in the chaparral. Bees droned in the wild buckwheat, and powdered themselves with the yellow of the mustard, and now and then the clear, staccato voice of the meadow-lark broke into the drowsy quiet—a swift little dagger of sound.

—Margaret Collier Graham, in *Stories of the Foothills*.

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CALIFORNIA

*Sea-born and goddess, blossom of the foam,
 Pale Aphrodite, shadowy as a mist
 Not any sun has kissed!
 Tawny of limb I roam,
 The dusks of forests dark within my hair;
 The far Yosemite,
 For garment and for covering of me,
 Wove the white foam and mist,
 The amber and the rose and amethyst
 Of her wild fountains, shaken loose in air.
 And I am of the hills and of the sea:
 Strong with the strength of my great hills, and calm
 With calm of the fair sea, whose billowy gold
 Girdles the land whose queen and love I am!*

*Upon my fresh green sods
 No king has walked to curse and desolate:
 But in the valleys Freedom sits and sings,
 And on the heights above;
 Upon her brows the leaves of olive boughs,
 And in her arms a dove;
 And the great hills are pure, undesecrate,
 White with their snows untrod,
 And mighty with the presence of their God!*

—Ina Coolbrith, in *Songs from the Golden Gate*.

CALIFORNIA THE BEAUTIFUL

CALIFORNIA

*A sleeping beauty, hammock-swung,
Beside the sunset sea,
And dowered with riches, wheat and oil,
Vineyard and orange tree;
Her hand, her heart to that fair prince,
Whose genius shall unfold
With rarest art her treasured tales
Of life and love and gold.*

—Clarence Urry, in *A Vintage of Verse*.

A FORECAST

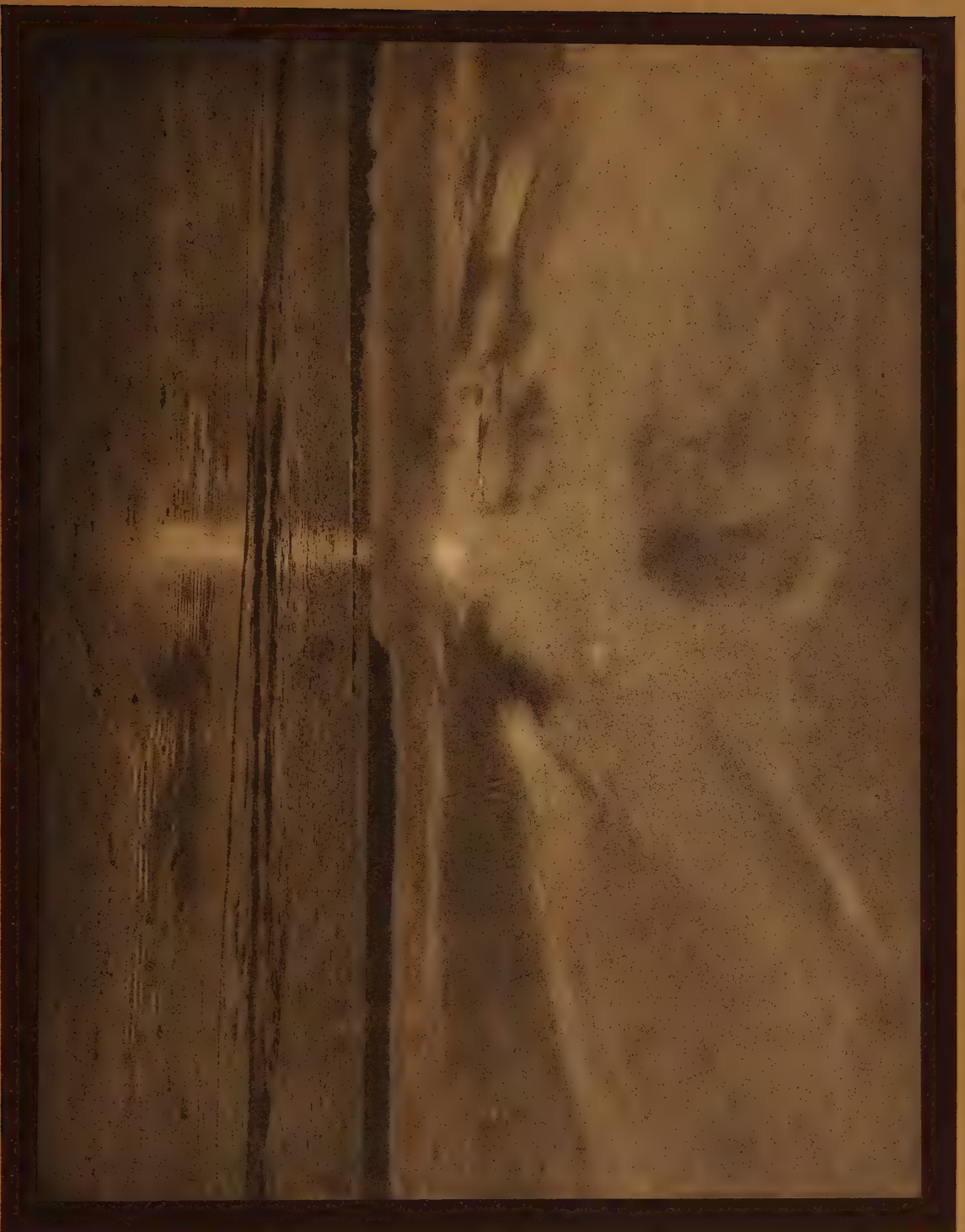
Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sang the holy men of old,
Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold,
Crowding a-thirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!
Enough, to know that empire here
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star;
Here art and eloquence shall reign,
As o'er the wolf-rear'd realm of old;
Here learn'd and famous from afar,
To pay their noble court, shall come,
And shall not seek or see in vain,
But look on all with wonder dumb.

—Joaquin Miller, in *Songs of the Sierras*.

At the entrance to San Diego Bay. First visited by the earliest explorer,
Juan Cabrillo, in 1542, and later, in 1602, by Sebastian Vizcaino. There is a world-famous view of
the bay and land from the bluff on the hill.

POINT LOMA, SAN DIEGO

Harold A. Taylor



SAN DIEGO BAY

In silence sleeps the bay no more.
Its treasure of wealth is found,
And all the crescent-curving shore
With infant cities girdled round;
And through its gateway come and go
The sails of sun and sails of snow,
And Progress to this old new West
Has turned her face and set her seal;
Has bound the waters, broke the hills,
And shod the desert sand with steel.
O land of sun!—hot, splendid sun,
Of sea-cool winds and Southern moons!
Of days of calm, and nights of balm,
And languorous dreamy noons!
It needs no seer to tell for thee
Thy quickly coming destiny.

—Madge Morris (Mrs. Harr Wagner).



SAN DIEGO MISSION, SAN DIEGO

The most southerly mission and the one first founded (1769) in Alta California.
In the foreground is shown a beautiful olive tree. Near by are still standing the Mission Palms,
the oldest in the State.

Harold A. Taylor

LA JOLLA

The land's-end here, of rugged mould,
Fronts grim and grand the tossing sea,
Its rock-strewn ledges, fold on fold,
Withstand the water's battery.
The caverns where the waves make moan
Are spiked with columns carved from stone.

Those caves, dark-mouthed, mysterious,
Ingulf the eddying, swirling tide,
And beat their prey delirious,
With dash and lash from side to side,
Through corridor and vaulted dome,
Then hurl it forth in froth and foam.

Behold this rock's storm-chiseled face;
His giant arms that seaward reach
To bar its progress. See the grace
Of yonder crescent-curving beach
Where bathers sport and children play,
From noon to noon the year's long day.

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.



THE TORREY PINE, NEAR LA JOLLA, SAN DIEGO

Harold A. Taylor

The Torrey Pine is remarkable for its restricted habitat, being found only in an area of a few miles along the San Diego coast and on Santa Rosa Island. It was discovered by Dr. C. C. Parry and named in honor of Professor John Torrey of Columbia College.

CALIFORNIA OF THE SOUTH

The land is a garden of glamour, where passes
 Each breeze on its wandering way to the sea;
 And, prodigal, scatters the sweets it amasses
 From orange groves, yielding their stores tenderly,
 To be breathed back again to the tremulous grasses
 Through which zephyr ranges;—a light lover, he!

'Tis the garden of Eden; high hedges enclose it
 Of lime and of cypress; a still Spirit rests
 'Neath the veil of the mountain (the hushed silence shows it),
 And he broods the sweet valley to sleep on his breast.
 This is a sanctuary;—every bird knows it,
 And knows the broad landscape was made for his nest.

For hark how the hedges and bushes are ringing
 With madrigals! Mark how the jubilant trees
 Are budding with birds and a-blossom with singing;
 And look! from each spray a small singer of glees
 Is trilling and trilling, his skyward song flinging;—
 Sure, Italy's skies are not bluer than these!

Here rain in swift showers soft tropical flowers
 Sweet somnolent scents on the tropical air;
 Lavish roses have reared them a riotous bower,
 Flaunting crimson and gold their gay gonfalons flare,
 And the heart of each rose and the heart of each hour
 Shows the last-bloomed the rarest, where each still was rare.

This is the land of the poet's desire;
 This is the Beautiful's indwelling place;
 Land of the new dawn and late sunset's fire,
 Lo, she laughs like a child in the grim East's face!
 And a thousand years shall be born and expire
 Ere here youth shall have dimmed its immortal grace.

—Grace Ellery Channing, in *Sea Drift*.



SAN ANTONIO PEAK (OLD BALDY), SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS

This photograph was taken by Mr. Ellerman with a telephoto lens
from Mount Wilson, twenty-five miles distant.

Ferdinand Ellerman

LOS ANGELES

O city of a poet's dream!
By mountains girt about,
With valleys full of glossy gleam
Of orange trees, that often seem
To raise their arms with offerings
Of sweet and golden profferings,
Too fair for gods to doubt.

Grand mountains rise on either side,
Snow-capped in summer days,
And far away to distant tide,
Throbbing, passionate, like virgin bride,
Billowy mists of green and blue
Rise and fall with every hue
That artist sees in blended rays.

And where on heights Diana drove,
Now man hath wrought in nature's ways
Fair gardens, fit for gods to rove
Through airy aisles and lemon grove,
To smell the balm like that which blows
From Thessaly.
Man here forgets his shadowy woes,
And dreams with Love on coming days.

And looking off where vision ends,
On rolling depths the eye alights,
While azure blue of heaven bends,
Down, down, and then with ocean blends,
Until the sight of man is dim,
And mystic thoughts steal over him
And raise him up to awful heights.

O city of a favored land!
O virgin ne'er to mate!
Thy mountains 'round thee grimly stand,
Thy fairness is on every hand,
While Star of Empire, Westward bent,
Unto thy name acclaim has lent,
Thy future has been great.

—Ben Field, in *Poems*.



SAN GABRIEL MISSION, NEAR LOS ANGELES

The fourth mission, founded in 1771.
A fine pepper tree shades the walk.

Harold A. Parker

SUMMERLAND

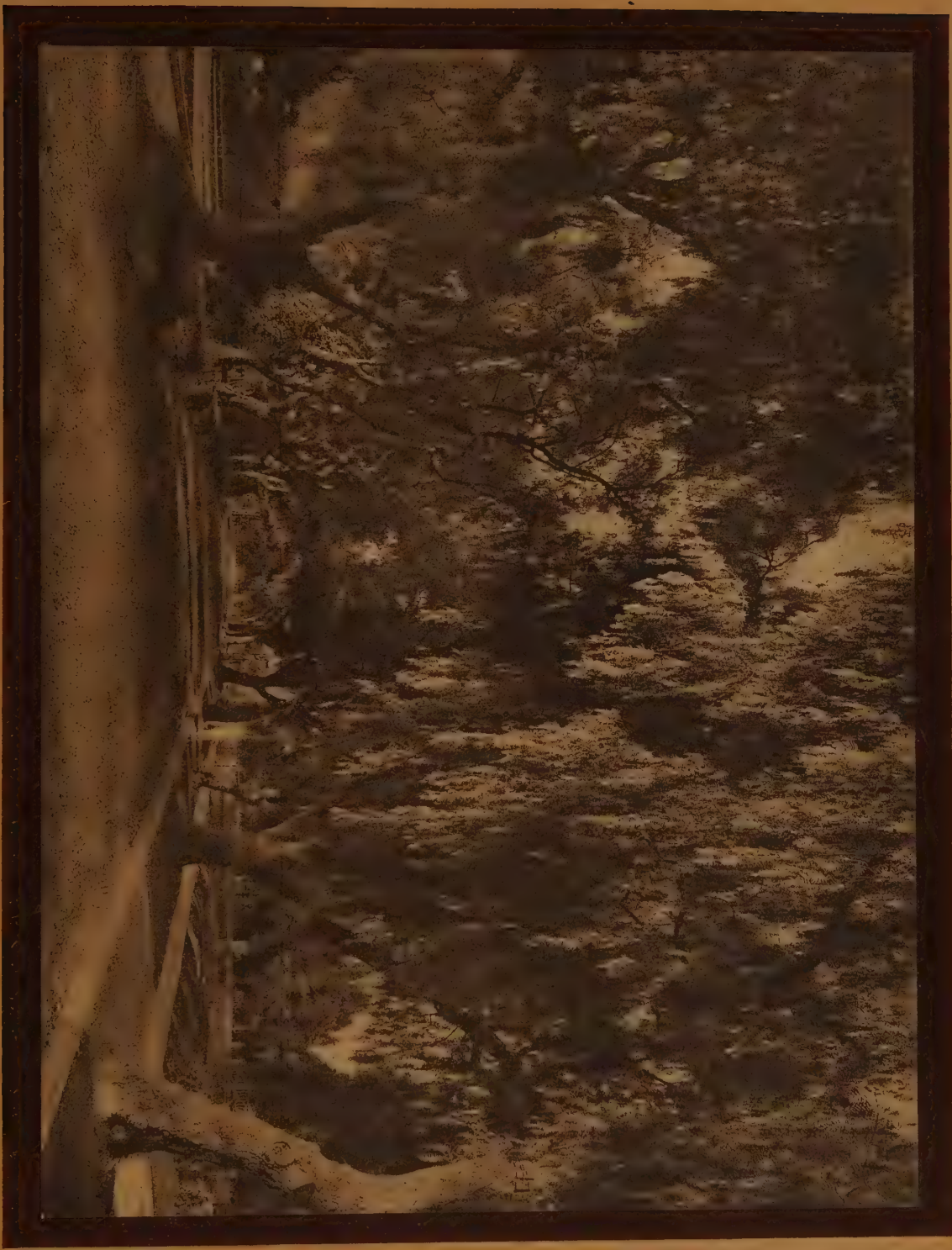
The land where summers never cease
 Their sunny psalm of light and peace;
 Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
 Has drifted down in dust of gold;
 Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
 Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

—Edward Rowland Sill, in *The Hermitage*.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

On New Year's Day, for several years, it was my habit to take a trip from my home in Pasadena, up to the snow of the mountains, then return to the great flower festival, held for twenty years each New Year's Day, in Pasadena, entitled, "The Tournament of Roses," and wind up with a delightful swim in the Pacific Ocean. To be able actually to revel in all the sports of winter,—tobogganing, sleigh-riding, snowballing, sliding, the building of snow-forts and snow-men,—to suddenly transfer oneself to a scene of semi-tropic luxuriance, where waving palms, flowering heliotrope, banks of geraniums, hedges of calla-lilies, masses of flaming poinsettias, forests of roses, and a wild riot of climbing bougainvilleas, the whole over-arched with a cloudless vault of turquoise, form a setting for a flower carnival which, in its prodigal profusion, rivals the most elaborate and world-famed of the flower carnivals of Europe, and then, an hour later, to enjoy a swim in the Pacific Ocean,—all this is a New Year's Day experience, varied enough to galvanize the most blasé into new sensation, and to give to the normal man and woman entirely new conceptions of physical enjoyment.

—George Wharton James, in *Through Ramona's Country*.



Copyright

MARENGO AVENUE, PASADENA

The avenue is shaded by pepper trees that grow in such great luxuriance in Southern California.

Harold A. Parker

THE CROSS ON RUBIDOUX

Alone in rugged strength upon the ridge
 Of yonder mount, all boulder-strewn and bare,
 There stands, defying all elements,
 A cross whose arms extended bless the vale.
 So stood the one to whom the cross is raised;
 But look you, man; Serra did more than stand—
 He bravely strove; why, had he been content
 To sing his morning mass—to lift the cup—
 To break the sacred wafer in the air—
 No cross would speak his name from yonder mount.
 But Serra strove, thro' years of arduous toil,
 To lift the sullen savage to the Christ;
 To fold him in the arms of Holy Church;
 To teach him ways of gentleness and truth;
 To tame his passions, and to make a man
 From an ignoble brute. For this he strove,
 And, striving, gained a name that shall endure
 When yonder cross is crumbled into dust.

—George Clark.

(Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Reverend Thomas
 James Conaty, Roman Catholic Bishop of
 Monterey and Los Angeles.)

Mount Rubidoux, reached by Huntington Drive, affords a magnificent view of the

MOUNT RUBIDOUX, RIVERSIDE

A. Putnam



THE CHANGELESS YEAR

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Doth Autumn remind thee of sadness?
And Winter of wasting and pain?
Midsummer, of joy that was madness?
Spring, of hope that was vain?

Do the Seasons fly fast at thy laughter?
Do the Seasons lag slow if thou weep,
Till thou long'st for the land lying after
The River of Sleep?

Come here, where the West lieth golden
In the light of an infinite sun,
Where Summer doth Winter embolden
Till they reign here as one!

Here the Seasons tread soft and steal slowly;
A moment of question and doubt—
Is it Winter? Come faster!—come wholly!—
And Spring rusheth out!

We forget there are tempests and changes;
We forget there are days that are drear;
In a dream of delight, the soul ranges
Through the measureless year.

Still the land is with blossoms enfolden,
Still the sky burneth blue in its deeps;
Time noddeth, 'mid poppies all golden,
And memory sleeps.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in *In This Our World*.



SAN BERNARDINO PEAK, FROM SMILEY HEIGHTS, REDLANDS

A scene of palms, orange groves and snow, characteristic of this favored southland. From this beautiful "Canyon Crest Park" stretch inspiring and varied prospects in all directions.

A. Putnam

THE GARDENS OF THE SEA

Beneath the ocean's sapphire lid
We gazed far down, and who had dreamed,
Till pure and cold its treasures gleamed,
What lucent jewels there lay hid?—

Opal and jacinth, orb and shell,
Calice and filament of jade,
And fonts of malachite inlaid
With lotus and with asphodel,—

Red sparks that give the dolphin pause,
Lamps of the ocean-elf, and gems
Long lost from crystal diadems,
And veiled in shrouds of glowing gauze.

Below, the sifted sunlight passed
To twilight, where the azure blaze
Of scentless flowers from the haze
About their dim pavilions cast

Betrayed what seemed forgotten pearls,
As shimmering weeds alert with light
Enticed the half-reluctant sight
To caverns where the sea-kelp swirls.

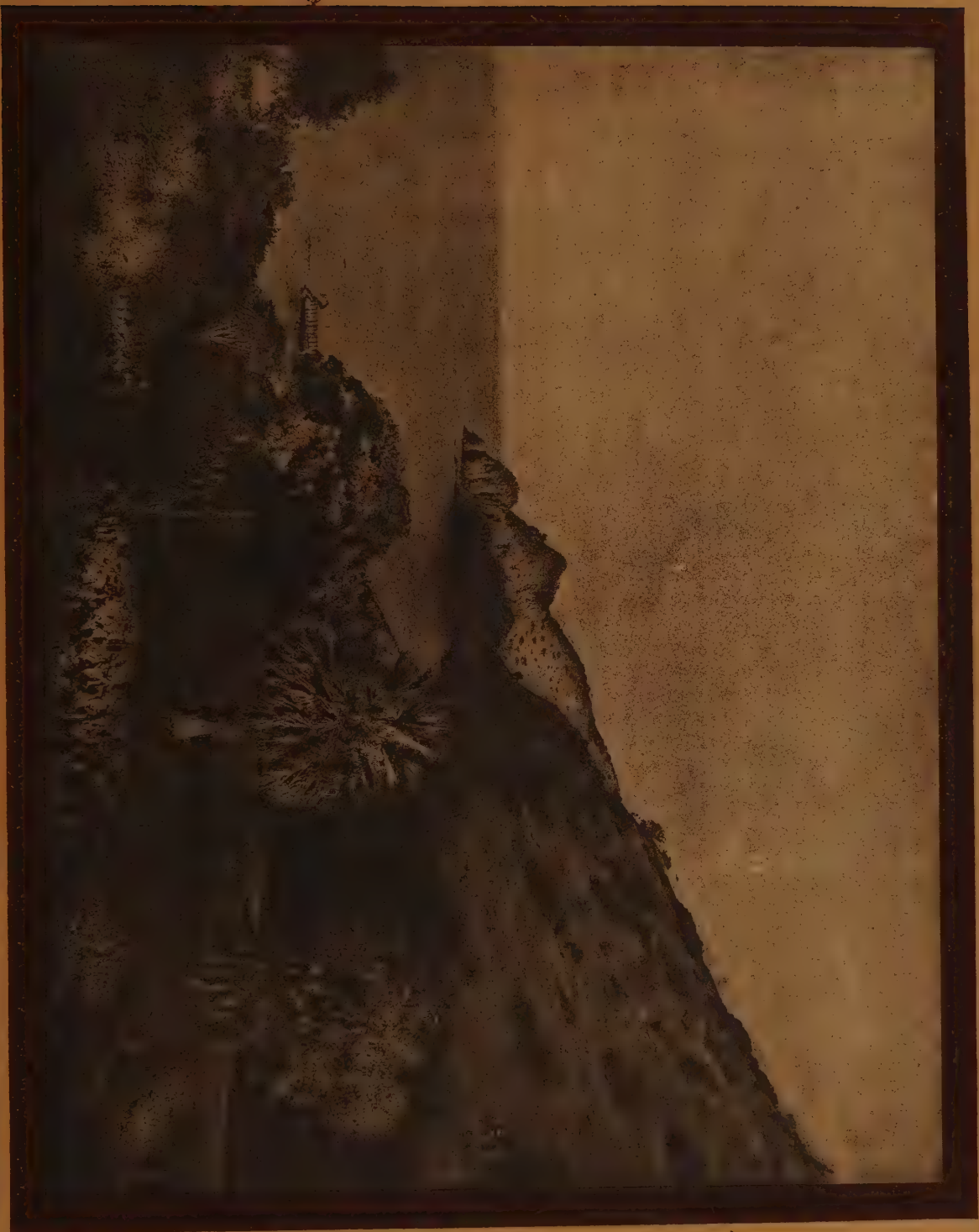
Far down we gazed, nor dared to dream
What final sorceries would be
When in those gardens of the sea
The lilies of the moon should gleam.

—George Sterling, in *The House of Orchids*.

combination of mountain and ocean pervaded with a soft and poetic beauty. The submarine gardens, viewed from glass-

BANNING BEACH, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Frederick W. Martin



SANTA BARBARA

Was ever day more heavenly fair than this?
 More perfect in the subtly woven charm
 Of gracious beauty? Blue, without a cloud,
 The sky o'erspans the blue, unruffled sea;
 The long line of the mountains melts away
 Into the haze, as dreams will merge in dreams;
 And the breeze comes in little tender puffs,
 Balmy, and soft, and sweet, as if it blew
 From lotus-islands in far summer seas.

—William Henry Hudson, in *The Sphinx, and Other Poems*.

IN A MONTECITO GARDEN

Sitting in the white-paved pergola at Montecito, with overhead a leafy shelter of pink-flowered passifloras, looking out over the little lake, its surface dotted with water-lilies, its banks fringed with drooping shrubs and vines, the hum of the bee and the bird in the air—I looked down over this wonderful collection of nearly two hundred rare palms and listened to the music that floated up from their waving branches like that of a thousand silken-stringed Eolian harp; and there came into my mind visions of a people that shall be strong with the strength of great hills, calm with the calm of a fair sea, united as are at last the palm and the pine, mighty with the presence of God.

—Belle Sumner Angier, in *The Garden Book of California*.



MISSION SANTA BARBARA BY MOONLIGHT
SANTA BARBARA

Joseph Sarida

Never so abandoned and abused as the other missions and of late years kept up and occupied by the Franciscans, Mission Santa Barbara is in good condition. The building with its impressive facade and bell tower and its fine corridor was completed about the close of the eighteenth century, enclosing the garden, into which no woman, save a reigning queen or wife of the President, is allowed to enter.

AN APRIL DAY ON THE HOPE RANCH

How high the ceiling blue! Hunt round-topped Rome,
 And all the river-sides of Gothic France,
 For such another knee-compelling dome
 As roofs my newness the unveiled expanse.

Journey through Persia from the Caspian shore
 On swinging camels to the Shah's abode,
 Thread jealous chambers to the harem's core,
 For rug to rival my embroidered sod.

Call Gobelin forest but a rag of gray
 To this my tapestry of sunlit wood,
 Stitched on the canvas of an April day,
 Dyed with the green-gold of a spring-time mood.

How envy lord-locked palace of the Guelph,
 Or first-born Warwick's high-walled heritage,
 When one is given by Queen Nature's self
 The Golden Key unto the Golden Age.

Just to be young, just to breathe deep and see
 These southern steepes by Summer overrun,
 Is to inherit kingdoms, is to be
 Cæsar to joy, Pizarro of the sun.

—Marshall Ilsey, in *By the Western Sea*.



LIVE OAKS, HOPE RANCH
SANTA BARBARA

Harold A. Taylor

The weird, moss-covered Oaks are a distinctive
feature of Hope Ranch, one of the delightful Santa Barbara drives.

MONTEREY

In a mantle of old traditions,
 In the rime of a vanished day,
 The shrouded and silent city
 Sits by her crescent bay.

Gardens of wonderful roses,
 Climbing o'er roof and wall,
 Woodbine and crimson geranium,
 Hollyhocks, purple and tall,

Mingle their odorous breathings
 With the crisp, salt breeze from the sands,
 Where pebbles and sounding sea-shells
 Are gathered by children's hands.

Women, with olive faces,
 And the liquid southern eye,
 Dark as the forest berries
 That grace the woods in July,

Tenderly train the roses,
 Gathering here and there
 A bud—the richest and rarest—
 For a place in their long, dark hair.

Feeble and garrulous old men
 Tell, in the Spanish tongue,
 Of the good, grand times at the Mission,
 And the hymns that the Fathers sung;

Of the oil and the wine, and the plenty,
 And the dance in the twilight gray—
 "Ah! these," and the head shakes sadly,
 "Were good times in Monterey!"

—Daniel O'Connell, in *Songs From Bohemia*.



THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS, MONTEREY

A typical example of a Spanish adobe building, said to have been used as a trading post prior to the coming of the United States troops. Monterey was the first capital of California and is rich in historic and picturesque associations.

E. N. Seely

THE MONTEREY CYPRESS

After all, the features of the Coast, unique of their kind, are those fantastic cypresses that clothe its rocky promontories with their strange growth—strong, durable as the rocks themselves, built to resist the stoutest gale. Away from the shore they grow more reasonably, spreading their tops like giant umbrellas, full, thick and resistant, and of a rich, velvety green. But close to the water their lives are spent in constant battle with the wind, their young shoots lopped off, killed by the blast on the seaward side, forcing their growth constantly in one direction, driving them landward, and giving them that strange fleeing movement that, to my mind, is their salient characteristic. And in this battle, toppling, struggling with a one-sided weight, their great trunks throw out huge, wedge-shaped buttresses, and their branches thicken aloft into strange elbows—flying buttresses, as it were, that present a thin edge to the wind, but a broad, flat surface to support the great weight overhead. Their limbs by this process become contorted and twisted into the strangest possible shapes, rendered stranger still by the presence of a ruddy sea-moss that clings close to their under side—the *trentepohlia*—of the color of rusted iron or of clotted blood.

—Ernest Peixotto, in *Romantic California*.



MONTEREY CYPRESS, SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY

This celebrated drive extends from near Hotel Del Monte around

Monterey Peninsula, through forests of fragrant pine and cypress and magnificent oaks, along ocean cliffs, beaches, wild wastes, and sand-dunes.

Hermann O. Albrecht

THE GLORY OF CALIFORNIA SCENERY

To know the glory of California scenery one must live close to it through the changing years. From Siskiyou to San Diego, from Alturas to Tia Juana, from Mendocino to Mariposa, from Tahoe to the Farallones, lake, crag, or chasm, forest, mountain, valley, or island, river, bay, or jutting headland, every one bears the stamp of its own peculiar beauty, a singular blending of richness, wildness and warmth. Coastwise everywhere sea and mountains meet, and the surf of the cold Japanese current breaks in turbulent beauty against tall "rincones" and jagged reefs of rock. Slumbering amid the hills of the Coast Range,

"A misty camp of mountains pitched tumultuously,"

lie golden valleys dotted with wide-limbed oaks, or smothered under over-weighted fruit trees. Here, too, crumble to ruins the old Franciscan missions, each in its own fair valley, passing monuments of California's first page of written history.

Inland rises the great Sierra, with spreading ridge and foothill, like some huge, sprawling centipede, its granite back unbroken for a thousand miles. Frost-torn peaks, of every height and bearing, pierce the blue wastes above. Their slopes are dark with forests of sugar pines and giant sequoias, the mightiest of trees, in whose silent aisles one may wander all day long and see no sign of man. Dropped here and there rest turquoise lakes which mark the craters of dead volcanoes, or which swell the polished basins where vanished glaciers did their last work. Through mountain meadows run swift brooks, over-peopled with trout, while from the crags leap full-throated streams, to be half blown away in mist before they touch the valley floor. Far down the fragrant cañons sing the green and troubled rivers, twisting their way lower and lower to the common plains, each larger stream calling to all his brooks to follow him as down they go headforemost to the sea. Even the hopeless stretches of alkali and sand, sinks of lost streams, in the southeastern counties, are redeemed by the delectable mountains that on all sides shut them in. Everywhere the landscape swims in crystalline ether, while over all broods the warm California sun. Here, if anywhere, life is worth living, full and rich and free.

—David Starr Jordan, in *California and the Californians*.



OCEAN CLIFFS, SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY

The Monterey cypress cling to the edges of the cliffs and, unprotected, face the violent storms from the ocean. Their natural range is restricted to within a few miles of Point Lobos and Cypress Point and they are not the same as the cedars of Lebanon as is popularly supposed.

Frederick W. Martin

CARMEL

In Carmel pines the summer wind
 Sings like a distant sea.
 O harps of green, your murmurs find
 An echoing chord in me!
 On Carmel shore the breakers moan
 Like pines that breast the gale.
 O whence, ye winds and billows, flown
 To cry your wordless tale?

—George Sterling, in *A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems*.

AT CARMEL

Blue waves that wash a curvèd beach
 Of sand, like drifted snow;
 Song-waves, that sing in silvery speech,
 To music soft and slow.
 A cloudless sun in heaven's blue sweep;
 Great stars, how near that seem!
 The night an hour of sea-lulled sleep,
 The day a rosy dream.

—Ina Coolbrith, in *The Carmel Whirl*.



THE SAND-DUNES AT POINT CARMEL, CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

The sand-dunes of the Monterey coast have long been an inspiration to painters and photographers.

Oscar Maurer

SAN JOAQUIN

The land of the ranches opened out forever and forever under the stimulus of that measureless range of vision. The whole gigantic sweep of the San Joaquin expanded Titanic before the eye of the mind, flagellated with heat, quivering and shimmering under the sun's red eye. It was the season after the harvest, and the great earth, the mother, after its period of reproduction, its pains of labor, delivered of the fruit of its loins, slept the sleep of exhaustion in the infinite repose of the colossus, benignant, eternal, strong, the nourisher of nations, the feeder of an entire world.

—Frank Norris, in *The Octopus*.

THE MEADOW-LARK

Meadow-lark, sweet singer of the fields,
 Never do I hear thy joyous song,
 But in my spirit every evil yields,
 And good resolves within me are made strong.
 Thy soul, so brimming with tumultuous ecstasy,
 Hath welded doubly strong the bond 'twixt thee and me.

Thou dost not choose the shaded leafy dell
 As if thou hadst a message for the few;
 Nor, 'twixt four walls, as human voices tell
 Their praise of God to those within the pew;
 But limited alone by thy creator's will,
 Thy song doth saturate, doth satisfy and fill.

Thy body doth not lift thy song to height
 Attained by one akin to thee in name;
 Nor can my praise give unto thee aright
 Thy due, as Shelley gave the other fame.
 But upward, ever upward, borne without thy wing,
 Thy song, 'twould seem, could make the dome of heaven ring.

Perhaps I love thee more, thou feathered voice,
 Because thy body, earth-bound like my own,
 Must yet become as mine, which hath no choice
 But find its place in Mother Earth, alone.
 And oh, my dearest, cherished wish shall ever be,
 My song may bless some soul, as thy song blesses me.

—James Henry MacLafferty, in *My Soul's Cathedral, and Other Poems*.



KEARNY AVENUE, FRESNO

A beautiful boulevard, fourteen miles in extent, lined with palms, eucalypti and oleanders.

A. C. Mudge

AS I CAME DOWN MOUNT TAMALPAIS

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To north the fair Sonoma Hills
Lay like a trembling thread of blue
Beneath a sky of daffodils;
Through tules green a silver stream
Ran south to meet the tranquil bay,
Whispering a dreamy, tender tale
Of vales and valleys far away.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To south the city brightly shone,
Touched by the sunset's good-night kiss
Across the golden ocean blown;
I saw its hills, its tapering masts,
I almost heard its tramp and tread,
And saw against the sky the cross
Which marks the City of the Dead.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To east San Pablo's water lay,
Touched with a holy purple light,
The benediction of the day;
No ripple on its twilight tide,
No parting of its evening vale,
Save dimly in the far-off haze
One dreamy, yellow sunset sail.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To west Heaven's gateway opened wide,
And through it, freighted with day-cares,
The cloud-ships floated with the tide;
Then, silently through stilly air,
Starlight flew down from Paradise,
Folded her silver wings and slept
Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

—Clarence Urmy, in *A Vintage of Verse*.



MOUNT TAMALPAIS, NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE

W. E. Dassonville

Beautiful Mount Tamalpais, though only about twenty-five hundred feet high, rises directly from the ocean level and dominates the surrounding country with an impressiveness entirely unrelated to the figures of its elevation. On its slopes is the Muir National Park of virgin redwood forest and surrounding it throughout Marin County, on the hilltops and through the canyons, is an exhaustless region for hunting, fishing, driving and tramping parties from near-by San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO

(FROM THE SEA)

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy height, so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two continents!

And, scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

—Bret Harte.

THE SEAL ROCKS

Seen at the close of day, the sea throws back a shimmering flood of light. Stern-faced and sombre, the Heads frown at the far-flung line of scurrying foam. Between us and the Lightship moans the bar where sullen waters waste their strength. Here at our feet the ruffian billows beat their whitening crests against the jagged rocks. With joyous confidence we watch their rout. And on the farther shore, Bonita stands serene. In vain the surges leap like angry tigers. Still smiles the shining tower, warning the careless seaman not to swing too near that treacherous front.

—Alexander McAdie, in *Infra Nubem*.



SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO

Unknown to Cabrillo, unseen by Drake, these Hesperian outposts were sighted first

one August afternoon in 1775 by Juan de Ayala, master of the packet *San Carlos*. Since that lone vessel, answering the summer wind, sailed bravely through the Gate, how vast a company has passed this way.

Eyes dry and moist have scanned each seam and pinnacle, and many a traveler marked his wanderings begun or journey ended, viewing these rough outposts of our coast, our Farallones in miniature.—Alexander McAdie.

W. E. Worden

THE SEA-GULL

A ceaseless rover, waif of many climes,
 He scorns the tempest, greets the lifting sun
 With wings that fling the light and sinks at times
 To ride in triumph where the tall waves run.

The rocks tide-worn, the high cliff brown and bare
 And crags of bleak, strange shores he rests upon;
 He floats above, a moment hangs in air
 Clean-etched against the broad, gold breast of dawn.

* * * * *

Bold hunter of the deep! Of thy swift flights
 What of them all brings keenest joy to thee—
 To drive sharp pinions through storm-beaten nights,
 Or shriek amid black hollows of the sea?

—Herbert Bashford, in *At the Shrine of Song*.

SAN FRANCISCO, THE IMPOSSIBLE

There it lay, a constellation of lights, a golden radiance dimmed by the distance. San Francisco, the Impossible. The City of Miracles! Of it and its people many stories have been told, and many shall be; but a thousand tales shall not exhaust its treasury of romance. Earthquake and fire shall not change it, terror and suffering shall not break its glad, mad spirit. Time alone can tame the town, restrain its wanton manners, refine its terrible beauty, rob it of its nameless charm, subdue it to the commonplace. May time be merciful—may it delay its fatal duty till we have learned that to love, to forgive, to enjoy, is but to understand!

—Gelett Burgess, in *The Heart Line*.



THE SEA-GULLS, SAN FRANCISCO BAY, SEEN FROM THE FERRY-BOAT

The numbers of graceful sea-gulls, lazily accompanying the ferry-boats as they cross the bay are of fascinating interest to travelers and "commuters." The sky-line of San Francisco, "the city of seven hills," is seen in the distance,

Louis J. Stelmann

THE ANGELUS

(HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868)

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
 Still fills the wide expanse,
 Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
 With color of romance!

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
 On rock and wave and sand,
 As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
 Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
 No blight nor mildew falls;
 Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
 Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
 I touch the farther Past;
 I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
 The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
 The white Presidio;
 The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
 The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
 Above the setting sun;
 And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
 The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
 Recall the faith of old;
 O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
 The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
 Break, falter, and are still;
 And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
 The sun sinks from the hill!

—Bret Harte.



MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO

Frances MacCulloch

Mission San Francisco de Asis gained its popular name from the small near-by lake of Dolores now drained and filled in. The Mission was established in 1776 and the present buildings erected in 1782. The enclosed graveyard, overgrown with vines and rose bushes, pepper trees and cypress, is an interesting spot.

SAN FRANCISCO

What matters that her multitudinous store —
 The garnered fruit of measureless desire —
 Sank in the maelstrom of abysmal fire,
 To be of man beheld on earth no more?
 Her loyal children, cheery to the core,
 Quailed not, nor blenched, while she, above the ire
 Of elemental ragings, dared aspire
 On victory's wings resplendently to soar.
 What matters all the losses of the years,
 Since she can count the subjects as her own
 That share her fortunes under every fate;
 Who weave their brightest tissues from her tears,
 And who, although her best be overthrown,
 Resolve to make her and to keep her great.

—Edward Robeson Taylor, in *Sunset Magazine*.

THE JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN

There is another well-known drive from the city—so well known, indeed, that I hesitate to mention it—that through the Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House. But I do mention it, if for no other reason than to signalize the little tea-garden in the Park, now established for a dozen years or more. Sit under the little pavilion in the center and drop bits of rice-cake to the gold-fish, hundreds of them, that populate the pool beneath its rail, and, as you do so, cast your eyes about upon the dwarf trees in pots; at the sugar-cane growing straight and tall in the open; at the hump-backed bridges that span the tiny rivulets; at the stone lanterns and strange exotic plants on every hand; at the bird in its cage of twisted willows; at the old man with his thin, white beard and skin baked brown as terra cotta; at the kimono-clad maiden who brings you your tea, and if you cannot fancy yourself in some lovely garden above Nagasaki, you have little imagination indeed.

—Ernest Peixotto, in *Romantic California*.



JAPANESE TEA GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO

The quaint effects of this Japanese garden blend
pleasantly with the graceful overhanging boughs of the Eucalyptus Trees

E. N. Sewell

OLD CHINATOWN

From the moment when you cross the golden, dimpling bay, whose moods ran the gamut of beauty, from the moment when you sailed between those brown-and-green headlands which guarded the Gate to San Francisco, you heard always of Chinatown. It was the first thing which the tourist asked to see, the first thing which the guides offered to show. Whenever, in any channel of the Seven Seas, two world-wanderers met and talked about the City of Many Adventures, Chinatown ran like a thread through their reminiscences. Raised on a hillside, it glimpsed at you from every corner of that older, more picturesque San Francisco which fell to dust and cinders in the great disaster of 1906. From the cliffs which crowned the city, one could mark it off as a sombre spot, shot with contrasting patches of green and gold, in the panorama below. Its inhabitants, overflowing into the American quarters, made bright and quaint the city streets. Its exemplars of art in common things, always before the unilluminated American, worked to make San Francisco the city of artists that she was. For him who came but to look and to enjoy, this was the real heart of San Francisco, this bit of the mystic, suggestive East, so modified by the West that it was neither Oriental nor yet Occidental—but just Chinatown.

— Will Irwin.



IN CHINATOWN
SAN FRANCISCO

Arnold Genthe

Chinatown was among the first sections of the city to be rebuilt after the great fire. Although modernized, it is still interesting, and time will gradually give it the tone and color of the past.

SAN FRANCISCO

(FROM THE HILLS)

'Mid sedges tall this summer day I lie
 And hear the waves fall softly on the sand.
 So pure the air, it seems with outstretched hand
 One e'en might touch that veil we call the sky.
 From o'er the sea the wind with fretful sigh
 Betakes its way across the fertile land,
 Whose flaunting poppies form a golden band,
 And dance before the sun's voluptuous eye.

Beyond the dunes a city, young but proud,
 Uprears its front in sunshine and through cloud
 And ever lures new children to her breast;
 A man-made city; one whose voice shall sound
 In days to come life's truth the world around
 And wake earth's leaders from their gold-drugged rest.

—Howard V. Sutherland, in *Songs of a City*.

PORTSMOUTH SQUARE—THE PLAZA

(TIME: THE EARLY SIXTIES)

* * * The wild life about the Plaza, the gambling-houses, the saloons, the fatal encounters in the dark contiguous streets, the absolute recklessness of the men and women, interested him profoundly. * * * The scene which he most frequented, which rose most vividly when he was living his later life in England, was El Dorado. It had three great windows on the plaza and six in its length—something over a hundred and twenty feet. The brilliant and extraordinary scene was visible to those that shunned it, but stood with a fascinated stare; for its curtains were never drawn, its polished windows were close upon the sidewalk. On one side, down its entire length, was a bar set with expensive crystal, over which passed every drink known to the appetite of man. Behind the bar were mirrors from floor to ceiling, reflecting the room, doubling the six blazing chandeliers, the forty or fifty tables piled high with gold and silver, the hard, intent faces of the gamblers, the dense throng that ever sauntered in the narrow aisles.

—Gertrude Atherton, in *A Daughter of the Vine*.



STEVENSON MEMORIAL, PORTSMOUTH SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Gabriel Moulin

Old Portsmouth Square was a favorite lounging-place of Robert Louis Stevenson and is an appropriate spot for the location of the Memorial Monument designed by Bruce Porter and Willis Polk, and modeled by George Piper. This beautiful expression is in striking contrast to the picture of the Plaza in the sixties sketched by Mrs. Atherton, which is quoted on the opposite page.

FROM THE BERKELEY HILLS

There San Francisco sits in state,
 Queen regent by her Golden Gate,
 Throned on her hills with many a gem
 Carved in her palace diadem.

Old Tamalpais, like warder grand
 On guard, keeps watch o'er sea and land;
 While at his feet the village new
 Seems melting in the slumb'rous blue.

Crouched on her rocks, with gaze intent,
 Deep-mouthed, strong-chested, vigilant,
 Watching anear the Golden Pass
 Waits the sea-lion — Alcatraz.

Nested on Contra Costa's coast
 The eagle's fledgling and her boast,
 Sits Berkeley, wooing to her nest
 All singing birds from East to West.

Berkeley the liberal, Berkeley great,
 In all that goes to build a State.
 By selfish dogmas undismayed,
 Gracious alike to man and maid.

A woman's hand, with pen of gold,
 Should write thy praises manifold.
 O nursing mother of the free,
 Stretch forth thy wings from sea to sea!

Hail, *alma mater*, full of grace!
 The Lord be with thee in the race.
 Blessed art thou, and blessed be
 The fruit the Master giveth thee!

—Louise H. Webb.



BERKELEY OAKS, UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, BERKELEY

The stately old Oak indicated by the tablet was dedicated by the class of '98 to
Prof. John Le Conte and Prof. Joseph Le Conte.

O. V. Lang's

SIESTA

Noon-haze on the ridges,—a droning bee,—
 The chaparral's incense borne to me
 On warm air, drifting drowsily,
 From brown hills gray in distance;
 And faint re-echoed from bush and tree,
 The locust's shrill insistence;
 A hawk in the wide blue circling free,
 And, soft as the stir of a far-heard sea,
 A crooning of pine-boughs, dreamily:
 This is the sweet of existence.

—Ralph Erwin Gibbs, in *Songs of Content*.

EUCALYPTUS TREES

Over the rounded hill, stealing softly, in Indian file, through the mist, a row of eucalyptus trees climb, fringing up the slopes. These ladies of the hilltop have a fashion of growing thus, and in no other position is their delicate, suggestive beauty more apparent. The eucalyptus is an original genius among trees, never repeating itself. It stands for endless variety, for strong good cheer, for faith that seeks and reaches and goes on, never wavering. It blesses as well as delights its friends. I love its wonderful, ever-varying leaves, its upreaching, outstretching branches, and the annual surprise of its mystic blossoming. Each tree is distinct and individual in its growth, yet every one is typical of the genus.

It is a tree of the wind and the storm. See how those in yonder group sway and courtesy, bow and beckon, advance and retreat in the light breeze! And the rain does such marvels to them in the way of color, tinting the leaves into wondrous things of glistening black and silver, and bringing out exquisite, evasive greens and browns, reds and rose colors, tender blues and grays, from the trunks and branches. All the things of Nature are for man's use and joy, but perhaps they serve their very highest use when we return God thanks for their beauty.

—Adeline Knapp, in *Upland Pastures*.



**EUCALYPTUS TREES
BY A ROADSIDE NEAR SAN MATEO**

Frances MacCulloch

The Eucalypti, comprising one hundred and fifty distinct species, are exotics in California, having been introduced from Australia in the early fifties by travelers who were impressed with their splendid proportions and rapid development in their native habitat. The conditions in California have proven so admirable that their growth has been rapid and general and their graceful outlines are now a familiar sight in the landscape of many parts of the State. The name "Eucalyptus" signifies "well concealed," the closely covered buds prompting the name.

CALIFORNIA'S CUP OF GOLD

The golden poppy is God's gold,
 The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down;—
 The gold that knows no miser's hold,
 The gold that banks not in the town,
 But singing, laughing, freely spills
 Its hoard far up the happy hills;
 Far up, far down, at every turn,—
 What beggar has not gold to burn!

—Joaquin Miller, in *Poems*.

COPA DE ORO

(CALIFORNIA POPPY)

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms
 Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings!
 Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things
 Regathered from the long-forgotten tombs
 Of buried empires, not the iris plumes
 That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,
 Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,
 Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.
 For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins
 Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup
 Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.
 Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains,
 Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup
 Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

—Ina Coolbrith, in *Songs from the Golden Gate*.



FAN PALMS, MISSION SAN JOSE

Edward DeWitt Taylor

This stately avenue is in the grounds
of a residence formerly owned by the brother of General Vallejo.

THE GREEN KNIGHT

A SELECTION*

Care no longer, like a jackal prowling,
 Fills the forest with portentous terrors.
 Thou shalt drive the memory of his presence
 From this grove forever and shalt suffer
 Naught but gladness to abide within it—
 Gladness and the peace begot of Beauty.
 And as time the cirque of years rolls onward,
 Hither shall thy children come rejoicing.
 Here shall flowers bloom and cast their incense
 On the lyric breezes sweet with bird-song;
 Here shall gracile deer and hasty squirrel
 Wander unmolested thro' the greenwood;
 Bending ferns shall catch the golden sunlight
 That with straight and shimmering lance impierces
 All the pillared chambers of the forest.
 And when night with darkness drapes the hours,
 Mirth shall ripple thro' these leafy arches.
 Thus thy children and thy children's children
 Shall, in token of thy faith and purpose,
 Bring to pass redemption of the woodland.

—Porter Garnett.

*From *The Green Knight*, a Vision, by Porter Garnett.
 The Bohemian Club Grove Play of 1911.



IN THE REDWOODS, BOHEMIAN GROVE

E. N. Sewell

The Bohemian Grove of *Sequoia sempervirens* is owned by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco and is the scene of the Club's Midsummer High Jinks, where the annual Grove Play is produced.

IN THE SIERRAS

Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades,
 Far from the sound of cities and seas
 I journeyed lonely, and alone I sought
 The valley of the ages and the place
 Of the wind-braided waters.

* * * * *

High on the glacial slopes we plant our feet.
 Beneath the great crags unsurmountable,
 Care, like a burden, falling from our hearts;
 Joy, like the wings of morning, spiriting
 Our souls in ecstasy to outer worlds,
 Where the moon sails among the silver peaks
 On the four winds of heaven.

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

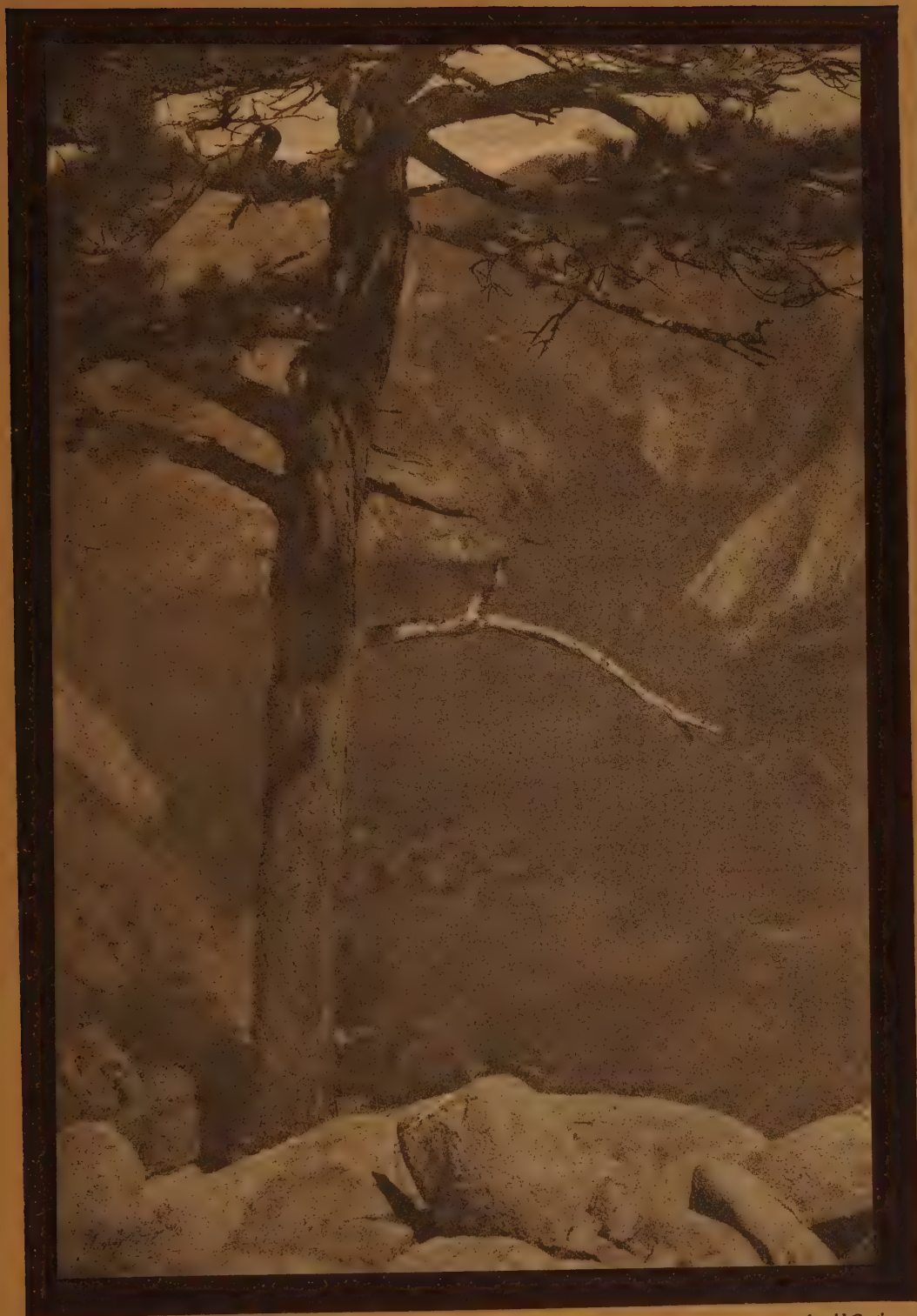
THE JOY OF THE HILLS

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
 Life's hoard of regret—
 All the terror and pain
 Of the chafing chain.
 Grind on, O cities, grind;
 I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skies expand;
 Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
 Let them weary and work in their narrow walls;
 I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream; I swing
 Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
 The world is gone like an empty word;
 My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird.

—Edwin Markham, in *The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems*.



YOSEMITE VALLEY

Arnold Gent's

Looking directly over the cliffs from the upper levels,
the floor of Yosemite Valley is seen probably three thousand feet below,
massive trees being dwarfed by the depth to seem
a mere tracery of verdure.

THE SIERRAS

Afar the bright Sierras lie
 A swaying line of snowy white,
 A fringe of heaven hung in sight,
 Against the blue base of the sky.

— Joaquín Miller, in *Songs of the Sierras*.

SONG-BIRDS IN YO SEMITE

In Yo Semite Valley, in the grand old forests near the eternal rocky cliffs, where the thunderous waters of the river fall in everlasting foam, are multitudes of brown-coated mocking-birds whose sweet voices are lifted up in worship and songs of praise, as if they were the choristers in this vast temple of the handiwork of God.

When the Bridal Veil rushes like a silvery avalanche over the top of the granite cliff and plunges headlong into the huge, seething caldron, with a reverberation like a tremendous salvo of artillery, making the cliffs resound with its awful echo, the birds are silent, as though the mighty sound were the response of terrific genii to their song of praise.

But, as the wind sways the water, like a misty floating veil, silently to the other side, then with a wild, exultant burst of sweetness never equalled on earth, the birds open their throats and pour forth such thrilling melody that the woods, the very air, the heart and senses, all pulsate in unison with the song. The soul seems to burst asunder its earthly mould and soar on the grateful song to God, the maker, the mighty architect of the wondrous temple.

The song is not one, sweet but far away, like angel choirs in the vault of heaven, but near you, around you, in your very soul, till you feel as if the birds held you enchanted, and you almost lose consciousness in the overpowering melody, your heart throbs painfully and you are strung to the highest tension of a sublime worship almost insufferable; when with a mighty thundering echo the waters strike the caldron and the song of the birds is hushed again. Thus it goes on ever, and has for how long the Creator alone knows. Alternate the thunder of the mighty cataract and the melodious pæan of the birds.

— Olive Harper.



HALF DOME IN WINTER, YOSEMITE VALLEY

Oscar Maurer

An increasing number of persons visit the valley each winter to see the transforming beauties of snow and ice and to enjoy the sports that are impossible in the lowlands of Summer California. Half Dome is here reflected in the Merced River.

YOSEMITE

Thou hast Earth's utmost beauty, mighty gem
 Of ice-wrought granite from the hand of God!
 And never man thy purple deeps hath trod,
 But he hath felt the awe that mantles them.

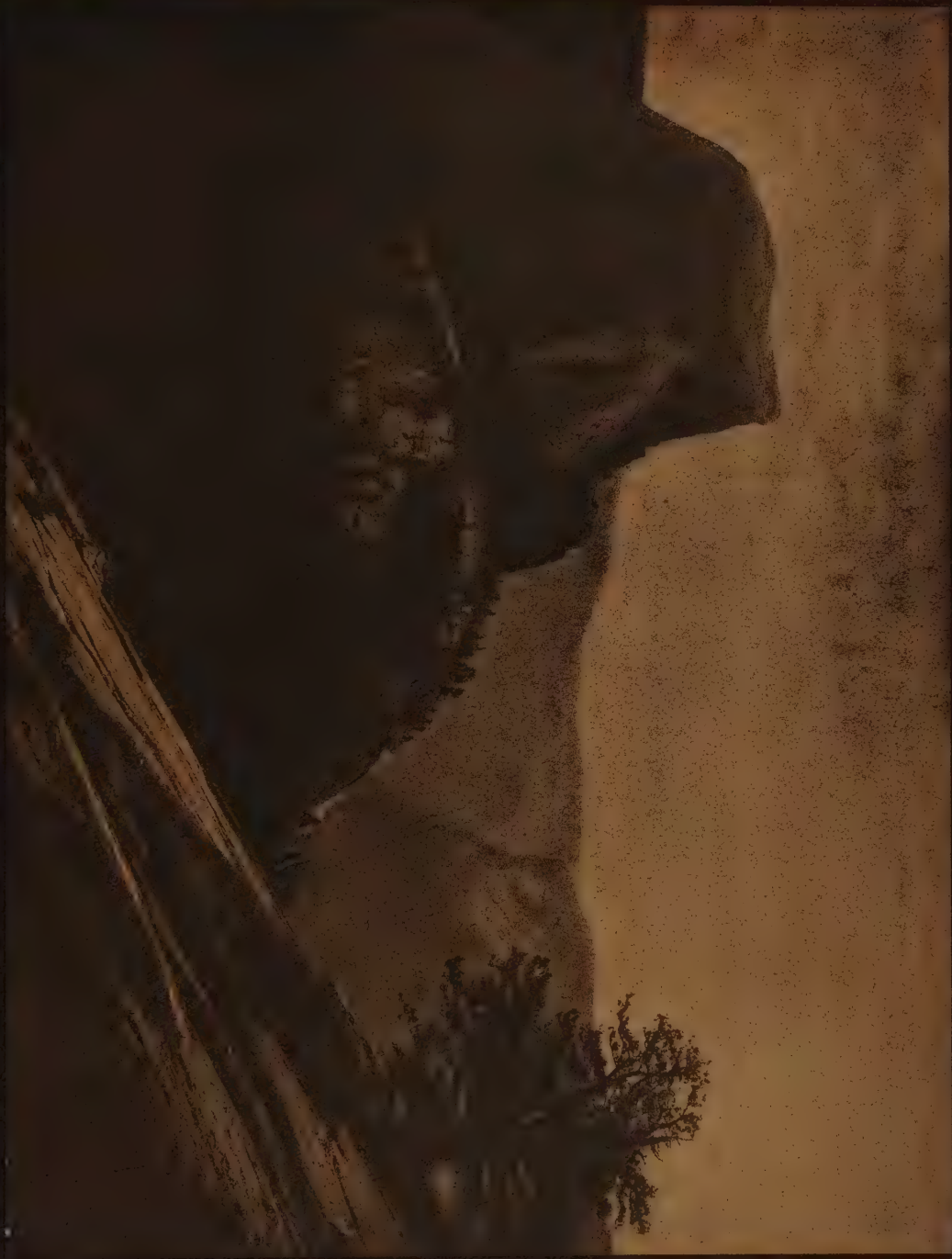
Thou art the loveliest poem of Nature; thou
 Art Music, Mystery and Magnitude!
 What eye e'er thy majestic glory viewed,
 But wept and led the shaken soul to bow.

—Herman Scheffauer, in *Of Both Worlds*.

YOSEMITE VALLEY

It is easier to feel than to realize, or in any way explain, Yosemite grandeur. The magnitudes of the rocks and trees and streams are so delicately harmonized they are mostly hidden. Sheer precipices three thousand feet high are fringed with tall trees growing close like grass on the brow of a lowland hill, and extending along the feet of these precipices a ribbon of meadow a mile wide and seven or eight long, that seems like a strip a farmer might mow in less than a day. Waterfalls, five hundred to one or two thousand feet high, are so subordinated to the mighty cliffs over which they pour that they seem like wisps of smoke, gentle as floating clouds, though their voices fill the valley and make the rocks tremble. The mountains, too, along the eastern sky, and the domes in front of them, and the succession of smooth rounded waves between, swelling higher, higher, with dark woods in their hollows, serene in massive exuberant bulk and beauty, tend yet more to hide the grandeur of the Yosemite temple and make it appear as a subdued subordinate feature of the vast, harmonious landscape. Thus every attempt to appreciate any one feature is beaten down by the overwhelming influence of all the others. And, as if this were not enough, lo! in the sky arises another mountain range with topography as rugged and substantial-looking as the one beneath it—snowy peaks and domes and shadowy Yosemite valleys—another version of the snowy Sierra, a new creation heralded by a thunderstorm. How fiercely, devoutly wild is Nature in the midst of her beauty-loving tenderness—painting lilies, watering them, caressing them with gentle hand, going from flower to flower like a gardener while building rock mountains and cloud mountains full of lightning and rain!

—John Muir, in *My First Summer in the Sierras*.



TISSACK, THE GREAT HALF DOME, YOSEMITE VALLEY

A view from the trail to Cloud's Rest.

Harold A. Taylor

TRAIL SONG

Then it's ho! for the pack
 On the dusty track,
 And ho! for the roadside rills.
 A song for the trail
 Through gorge and swale,
 That leads to the giant hills.

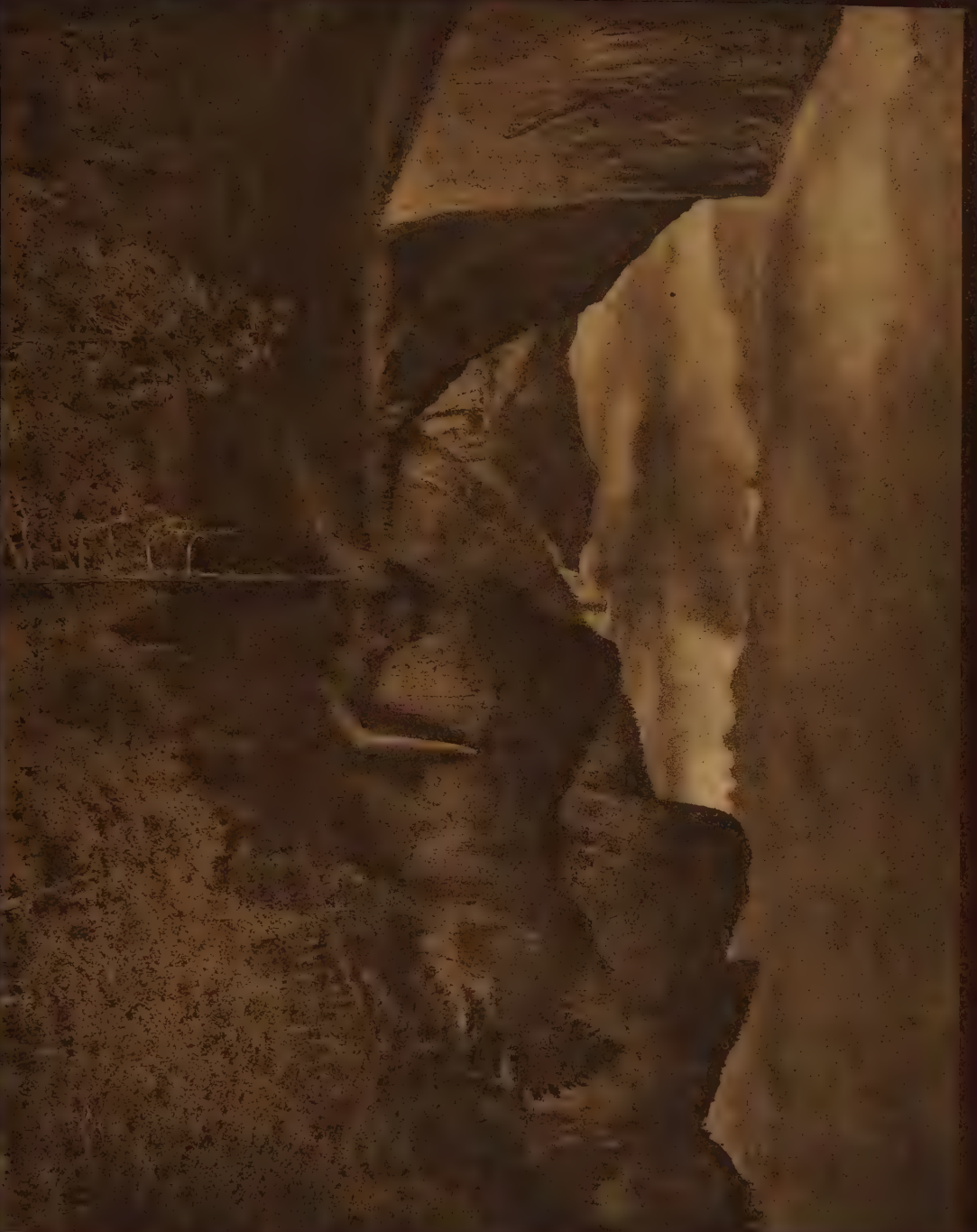
Up! Storm the heights
 Where first dawn lights
 And vales where nothing stills
 The thundering call
 Of stream and fall
 In the heart of the giant hills.

Breathe deep their air
 So clear and rare,
 Breathe deep the joy that thrills.
 Though muscles ache,
 No steep forsake,—
 There's strength in the giant hills.

And oh! the rest
 On the mountain's crest
 When night the day fulfils,
 Beneath a pine,
 Where great stars shine,
 Asleep in the giant hills.

Then up and sing
 Till rock-walls ring
 And echo heaven fills!
 A wild heigh-ho
 To the vale below!
 Life sings in the giant hills!

—Harold Symmes, in *Children of the Shadow, and Other Poems*.



YOSEMITE VALLEY. A GENERAL VIEW

Peter S. Brugliere

This view from Artists' Point includes many celebrated features: El Capitan at the left, with North Dome beyond; on the right are The Three Graces, with Bridal Veil Falls below and a glimpse of Half Dome beyond, followed by Cloud's Rest in the center, below which

THE SEQUOIAS

Like to the kingly Saul, whose towering crest
 Rose midst the hosts of Israel without peer,
 So we behold the great Sequoias rear
 Their cloud-kissed crowns of glory in the West.
 And thus they stood, when on the virgin's breast
 The longed-for Shiloh slept at last, while near,
 The Shepherds and the Magi round him pressed—
 Their offerings to the infant Christ to bear.

Where are the Syrian cedars of that day?
 Gone, as the breeze that bent their boughs is gone;
 Yet these great trees, triumphant over time,
 Stand as they stood, defiant of decay,
 As when they watched the Savior's birthday dawn,
 And heard the stars their Maker's music chime.

—Louis Alexander Robertson, in *Crypt and Choir*.

THE GIANT FOREST

Perhaps the most insistent note, besides that of mere size and dignity, is of absolute stillness. These trees do not sway to the wind; their trunks are constructed to stand solid. Their branches do not bend and murmur, for they too are rigid in fiber. Their fine, thread-like needles may catch the breeze's whisper,—may draw together and apart for the exchange of confidences as do the leaves of other trees, but if so, you and I are too far below to distinguish it. All about, the other forest growths may be rustling and bowing and singing with the voices of the air; the Sequoia stands in the hush of an absolute calm. It is as though he dreamed, too wrapt in still great thoughts of his youth, when the earth itself was young, to share the worldlier joys of his neighbor, to be aware of them, even himself to breathe deeply. You feel in the presence of these trees as you would feel in the presence of a kindly and benignant sage, too occupied with larger things to enter fully into your little affairs, but well disposed in the wisdom of clear spiritual insight.

This combination of dignity, immobility and a certain serene detachment has on me very much the same effect as does a mountain against the sky. It is quite unlike the impression made by any other tree, however large, and is lovable.

—Stewart Edward White, in *The Mountains*.



IN THE GIANT FOREST, SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

Oscar Maurer

The Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*) are remarkable forest products, the oldest and the most imposing living things today. Their age antedates the Christian Era and they now stand in all their majesty, beautifully proportioned in height and girth. They were discovered in 1852 and are named after Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian.

LAKE TAHOE

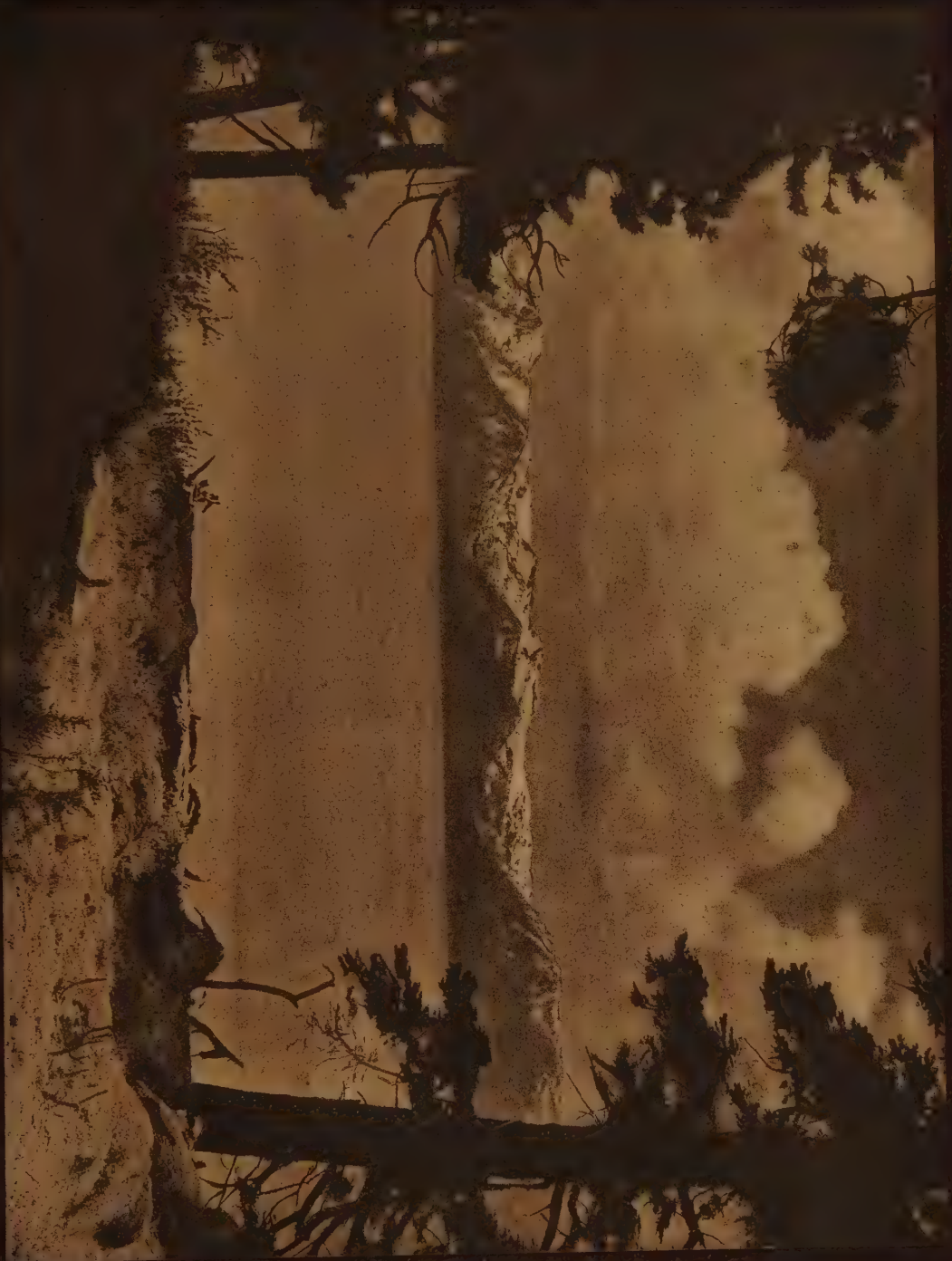
"At last you turn a sharp corner, and there lies the lake only a few rods off. What color you see it depends on the hour of the day. It has its own calendars—its spring-time and winters, its dawns and darkness—incalculable by almanacs. It is apt to begin by gray early in the morning; then the mountains around it look like pale onyx, and the sky, too, is gray. Then it changes to clouded sapphire and the mountains change with it also to a pale, opaque blue, then to brilliant, translucent, glittering sapphire when the right sort of sun reaches just the right height; and when there is this peculiar translucent sapphire blue in the water, then the mountains are of opal tints, shifting and changing, as if heat were at work in their centers.

"Then if at sunset the mountains take on rose or ruby tints, the water becomes like a sea of pink pearl, molten together with silver; and as twilight wind cools it, it is changed to blue, to green, to steel gray, to black. This is merely one of the calendars of color, one which I happened to write down on a day when, lying all day by a second-story window, I saw no interval of foreground at all—only the sky arching down to the lake, and the lake reaching, as it seemed, up to the window-sill. I felt as one might who sailed in a hollow globe of sapphire or floated on a soap bubble.

"Picture a lake 6,000 feet above the sea, 23 miles long and 13 miles wide, surrounded by mountains from which no summer melts all the snow, walled round the edges by firs and pines, set at the rim in a Mosaic of polished pebbles and brilliant flowers, its water so blue that it seems impossible it should not stain, and so clear that one can see fishes swimming a hundred feet below his boat, and so cool that ice would not cool it—is that not a lake to be loved? For its water alone it could be well loved, if it lay in a desert.

"Summer afternoons on Lake Tahoe are warm till sunset. Never has the mercury been known to rise above 75 degrees in this magic air; and it rarely, during July and August, falls below 62 degrees. The delight and stimulus of this steady, clear, crisp air—snow-cooled, sun-warmed, water-fed—cannot be told. Day after day of warm sunlight, such as only rainless skies can show; and night after night of the sleep which only cool nights can give; almost, it seems to me, that miracles of cure might be wrought on these shores."

—Helen Hunt Jackson, an *Extract From a Letter*.



LAKE TAHOE AND MOUNT TALLAC

Lake Tahoe, on the top of the California Sierras, a mile in the air, is a body of water of absolute cleanness and purity, a living sapphire of the deepest, most beautiful blue, surrounded

Harold A. Parker

EL RIO SACRAMENTO

Where ice-clad summits greet the morn,
 And where the beetling crags look down
 On dark blue lakes with sullen frown,
 This bantling of the clouds is born.
 Forth from its granite cradle creeps,
 At first in play it laughs and leaps,
 And then in dusky pool it sleeps.
 Down silent, sunless glens it glides
 And under long sedge grasses hides,
 Where aspen leaves, like quivering wings,
 Quaver above its hidden springs.

* * * * *

In ceaseless, silent sweep, between
 Low-lying meadows, rank and green,
 Along the marge of bastioned banks,
 Its dimpled face reflects the ranks
 Of gray-beard oaks; its liquid kiss
 Thrills all the river reeds with bliss;
 The thirsty fibrils of the vine
 Reach down to quaff its amber wine;
 The grasses and the willows lave
 Their tangled tresses in its wave;
 The silver thread has grown to be
 A molten avalanche set free;
 Its path the highway of the world,
 Where sails of commerce are unfurled.
 Emblem of Time's resistless tide,
 On, and still on, its currents glide,
 Until, at length, far, far below,
 It weds the sea, with stately flow.

—Lucius Harwood Foote, in *On the Heights*.



SACRAMENTO RIVER, BELOW SACRAMENTO

The turbulent upper waters of the mountain river are here curbed for the service of commerce, and lazily flow between verdure-covered levees that protect the low-lying fertile country on either side. The picturesque landings, the tide-working ferries, the various activities of river life give "local color" to a beautiful stream.

Hermann O. Albrecht

MENDOCINO

A vast cathedral by the western sea,
 Whose spires God set in majesty on high,
 Peak after peak of forests to the sky,
 Blended in one vast roof of greenery.
 The nave, a river broadening to the sea;
 The aisles, deep cañons of eternal build;
 The transepts, valleys with God's splendor filled;
 The shrines, white waterfalls in leaf-laced drapery;
 The choir stands westward by the sounding shore;
 The cliffs like beetling pipes set high in air,
 Roll from the beach the thunders crashing there;
 The high wind-voices chord the breakers' roar,
 And wondrous harmonies of praise and prayer
 Swell to the forest altars evermore.

—Lillian H. Shuey, in *Among the Redwoods*.

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES

These woods are never silent. In the hush
 Of the high places, solemnly there goes
 In endless undertone the stately rush
 Of music,—windy melody that grows
 And ebbs and changes in uncertain time,—
 As if some pensive god tried here apart
 Vague snatches of the harmonies divine
 Before he played them on the human heart.

—Warren Cheney, in *The Flight of Helen, and Other Poems*



CASTLE CRAGS, THE UPPER SACRAMENTO

Rising sheer from the forest that masks its base, Castle Crags presents a solid face of rock some thousands of feet high, with a serrated skyline of turrets and spires like a medieval castle. The view from the

H. C. Tibbitts

SHASTA

And thou wilt greet the ages yet to be,
 The past and future join in one strong flight,—
 Forever mantled in celestial white,
 Proud Shasta, emblem of purity!

— John C. Jury, in *Omar and FitzGerald*.

SHASTA

Alone, high lifted toward the north, there looms
 A cone, snow-etched against the radiant sky,
 With forest-fringed hem that would defy
 Bleak rocks where icy streams from glacier tombs
 Leap joyous downward. At the dusk it blooms
 Above the sombre world, serene and high
 In roseate glory, while the pine-boughs sigh
 As night falls gradual, and the splendor glooms.

The Lord, by such high tokens, it would seem,
 Reveals a tithe of His majestic grace
 To mortals who about His altar dream
 Of spirit power to stir a worldly race;
 Who, thus inspired, like Sacramento's tide
 Bear Shasta's blessing o'er the valleys wide.

— Charles Keeler.



MOUNT SHASTA, SISKIYOU COUNTY

Majestic Mt. Shasta, in isolated grandeur, rises 14,000 feet from the level of the sea, dominating the landscape during many hours of travel with its silver-crowned serenity.

H. C. Tibbitts

CALIFORNIA

*Across the San Joaquin's broad reach of vines and waving wheat,
The old Sierras toss their gold at fair Los Angeles' feet.
Soft sighs of pine and orange groves woo sea-winds from the west,
And over all a spirit broods of romance and unrest.*

—Carrie Stevens Walter.

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